

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL



JUNE — 1953

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL



TO THE SENIORS

There are only a few weeks left. On June 19, another page will be turned in the history of Johnson High because another class will graduate—the class of '53.

We all know what that means, I'm sure. After that day we will have finished our secondary school education and be ready to undergo an even more difficult phase of our learning—the education of adult living. No longer will our decisions rest mainly on the shoulders of our elders. They will rely on the common sense and maturing minds of us, the graduates.

Each one of us, looking back on four years at Johnson, has his own special remembrances that will always remind him of high school. Nevertheless, there are happenings and events which occurred that all of us experienced in common. There were football, baseball and basketball games with all their excitement; there were our unforgettable school dances with their Queen, our Junior-Senior Prom. Our clubs, and all the educational outings, which we were very fortunate to have as a part of our school life, have contributed to the very pleasant picture of our years at Johnson.

These years have helped mold our characters. A long, long time from now, when our lives on earth are almost over, they will represent some of the saddest, because of the miseries of adolescence, and, paradoxically, the happiest years of your lives. Let us never forget them.

Sandra Vose, '53

YOUR CAREER AS A SOCIAL WORKER

Careers in social work offer opportunities to young men and women who sincerely want to help others meet the every-day problems of life. A man who cannot find employment, a family that cannot afford the medical care some member needs, a child who is being neglected, or an elderly person who has no suitable home—these are the persons with whom social workers deal.

Such workers do not approach the problems that come before them emotionally. Instead, they go at their job in somewhat the same way as scientists do. But they must remember that human relationships and difficulties cannot always be met in a coldly scientific manner. Judgment and tact must be used, and sympathy must often be balanced with firmness.

Case workers deal directly with individuals and families needing help. They begin each case by talking to the persons concerned. Once the workers have learned what the problem is, they try to get the individual or family to do as much as possible to help himself.

If a person needs medical care though, the social worker arranges for him to see a doctor or go to a hospital. If a child needs a home, he is put in a temporary one or a permanent place is found.

Persons trained in this field are employed by private welfare agencies, by churches, by settlement houses, and by the state and federal governments.

Salaries for beginners start at about \$2,200 a year. Experienced case workers usually earn from \$2,500 to \$3,500 a year.

In considering your future career, remember social work is a very necessary and soul-satisfying work. Dorothy Sutcliffe, '54

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

Juvenile delinquency means the behavior, in children and adolescents, which in adults would be judged criminal. Age limits of juveniles vary. The maximum age is set at fourteen years in some states and twenty-one years in others. Young people from sixteen to twenty years of age are considered to have the highest incidence of serious crime. A high proportion of adult criminals have a background of early delinquency.

Theft is the most common offense of children. More serious property crimes are most frequently committed in later youth. The causes of such behavior, like those of crime in general, are found in complex social and economic factors. Clinical studies have uncovered emotional maladjustments, usually arising from bad family situations, in many delinquents, and have stressed adult responsibility for much misbehavior of youth.

Other studies have indicated that there are persisting patterns of delinquency in disorganized and slum neighborhoods, regardless of changing occupants. Not until the development of the juvenile court was judgment of youthful offenders effectively separated from that of adults. The system emphasizes informal procedure and protection rather than punishment.

Some juvenile institutions have developed intensive rehabilitation programs, providing vocational and other training and psychiatric treatment, but most are still inadequate. The parole system, foster homes, child guidance clinics, and public juvenile agencies have contributed to the correction of delinquent and maladjusted children. Especially important for prevention of crime the extension of activities by all community groups to provide essential facilities for the well-being of children. Let us hope that our country can succeed in wiping out the causes for delinquency in children in the near future. Rosalie Howard, '54



LITERARY

THE COMING OF SPRING

The lovely young maiden tripped lightly through the forest.

Her dress, made of a light silvery material, billowed gracefully about her, while a gentle breeze caressed

her rosy cheeks and mischievously ruffled her long golden hair.

As she passed by, tiny yellow and white crocuses sprang up in her path and her touch caused both grass and trees alike to take on a beautiful cloak of green. Above her head some petite birds chirped their sweetest songs of welcome and, as she approached, the small inhabitants of the woodland hopped out of their homes to greet her. To all she gave a warm smile which made their hearts light and gay and encouraged them to skip along behind her. The ice on the brook melted, as if by magic, and it gurgled merrily as it wound its way toward the river.

Suddenly she came upon an old man, plodding his way through the forest. He had long white hair and bushy eyebrows. From his fingers and from the tip of his long hooked nose hung icicles, his face was all frosted, and he was surrounded by a solitary patch of snow. The animals drew back in terror but the young maiden went over to him. Upon feeling the warmth of her presence he increased his speed considerably and soon was gone from the forest. The tiny creatures joined paws and danced around the maiden joyously. At last Spring had come and Old Man Winter had been driven away.

Barbara Wainwright, '54

SPELUNKING — SAILOR STYLE

"Brrrrrrrrinnnnng" went the alarm. At the sound I reached out and shut it off and sat up. I could make out the big "4" in the early morning light. Getting out of bed was easy this morning because I was all set to go to Vermont with the explorers to visit the caves of Plymouth, but what a time to be getting up! Ten minutes later I

was fully dressed in two pairs of dungarees, a long-sleeved cotton shirt plus a heavy woolen one and my sweater, two pairs of stockings and hip boots. It was absolutely necessary for warm dress this morning because it was going to be a cold day for us. I went downstairs after finishing putting last minute things in my pack.

When I got downstairs my father was making up my lunch of four ham sandwiches and a thermos bottle of coffee, so I proceeded to make my breakfast, if you can call what I had a breakfast—a half dish of cereal and a cup of coffee. After stowing the thermos and my dinner in my pack, I donned my coat and left the house, not to return until eleven o'clock that night. You may wonder at the breakfast I had because ordinarily I couldn't live on that much, but when you are traveling the distance we were, you have to eat light. After all, traveling 125 miles is not the best thing for your stomach.

Leaving the house, I took a short cut down to Rev. York's house. On the way down I lit a cigarette, after having a little difficulty with my knapsack. I also noticed how dead looking the streets were at five o'clock in the morning. When I came around the corner near the Yorks' house, I saw three of the boys standing under the street light. I recognized Ern Harvey leaning against the lamp post, John Glennie sitting on the fire hydrant and Burg Brightman chewing the rag about something. When they saw me coming they picked up their gear and we made our way over to the driveway where the cars were supposed to be. I noticed, after checking with Ernie to see if everything was in order, that Mr. York was getting ready to depart. I asked the boys where Bob Cole was, because he was supposed to be the

one who was taking us to Vermont. Just then, we noticed two cars coming down the street. Someone said this was he and immediately changed his mind, but I said it must be because no one else would be likely enough to get up this early in the morning. The two cars were Bob Cookson's and Bob Cole's. With Colie was his brother Dick and Tom Hamilton.

When Bob had parked in the driveway we all transferred our gear into his car. Bob Cookson, who was to drive Mr. York and the Y. A. F. up with us, had a fifty-foot hose which had been obtained from the fire department so that we could pump out the mystery cave which we intended to visit. This cave had been filled in two and one-half years ago for some special reason, and we aimed to find out why. It was dammed up so that the water in the cave would fill up the entrance in time so that no one could get in. The explorers believe that there is something very important in the cave because no one is going to fill in a cave as big as this one for no reason at all except for some exercise. After everything was stowed away I compared notes with Rev. York and found we were all set to leave and all members of the Explorer Ship "Barra-cuda" were present, so we left North Andover. The time was 3 bells morning watch or 5:30 to you landlubbers.

I tried to get a little sleep but with everybody gabbing like a bunch of women I decided to abandon the idea. We were cold at first, but it didn't take long for the car heater to warm us up. We didn't see anything that interested us until we got deeper into New Hampshire; then we saw a house that was burnt down, but the chimney was still standing with the TV antenna spread above it. We ran into all kinds of weather—

snow, rain, every kind of winter weather ever made. The roads were covered with ice but we made the caves in four hours.

We stopped for gas at a filling station just before the Vermont line and we bought ourselves some candy so that we could chew on something besides air. When we crossed the bridge that took us into Vermont, we followed an old mountain road for about 25 or 30 miles. At about 2 bells forenoon watch, 9:30 to the landlubbers in the crowd, we arrived at the caves. We decided to leave our packs and gear in the car with the exception of our flashlight, knife, and hatchets. I buckled on my knife and hatchet, stuck my flashlight in my pocket, and we broke a trail through the fourteen inches of snow to the mystery cave.

The cave had been opened a bit by another group so as to let the water out. No one could go into the cave because the water, even though it had drained out quite a bit, was still too deep to venture into. We were going to explore the two other caves and around one o'clock start working on the ditch.

We broke another trail into the second cave and, one by one slid down into the small opening. When we were in the cave some of the crew saw bats hanging on the ceiling of the cave, some of them banded. We continued through the cave, going into a short passage way which goes up straight as if it were a chimney. The floor of the passage was covered with mud while the rest of the cave's floor was rocky. We crawled along one by one on our bellies and, when I reached the sharp bend, I pulled myself up through and lay down on the rocky floor. This room was about five feet in diameter, about three feet high, and the walls were all carved with initials of people who had visited the cave. We tried to find the

oldest initial in the room. We found one with the date 1814 and figured this was the oldest because the cave had been discovered in 1800.

After leaving this room we came back into the largest room in the cave. This room had a rocky floor and the walls and ceiling were dripping with water. It was considerably warmer inside the caves than outside, and we decided we could sleep in them if necessary. Leaving the cave, we broke another trail up to the third and final cave. This cave was similar to the previous one with the exception of the former having more rooms. The location of this cave gave us the idea that it might lead into the second cave from which we had just come. Mr. York took a compass bearing in front of the cave and when we arrived at the last one we took another reading inside and found that if our directions were correct we would have to dig through the large stone wall that we were facing. We all decided we were hungry so we let the idea of digging go by without any further consideration. Anyway, we weren't in the mood for knocking down any stone wall.

It was around 12 o'clock when we got back to the cars, and the lunches certainly tasted good, especially since we hadn't eaten since four o'clock that morning. After finishing everything except a bit of coffee, we picked up our gear and started back toward the mystery cave.

When we got back to the cave, all hands turned to and it took us about three hours to widen and deepen the ditch. It was hard, dirty work and we soon found out that we couldn't go into the cave that day even though many boys attempted to, including myself.

Along about three o'clock, Ernie Harvey took off to the second cave to take some pictures, and we

started to get together our gear because we were planning to take some pictures also. Ernie came back in fifteen minutes, looking as though he had seen a ghost. He asked Mr. York if there were any rattlesnakes in the vicinity because he had gone into the cave and was just about to take a picture when he heard a noise that sounded like the rattle on a rattlesnake's tail. Since we didn't know, we started out for the caves to take some pictures ourselves.

When we got down inside the cave, we were just going to take a picture when we heard a funny sound. Ernie yelled out that the noise was what he had heard. It did sound like a rattler too. Everyone froze, flashlights tried to bring out the maker of the noise, knives and hatchets were made ready, and no one spoke a word. Not a sound was heard except the rattle near the ceiling and someone's knees knocking. Ernie was standing right under the noise. Flashlights swooped across the ceiling, searching for the source of the sound. Suddenly the noise stopped and Ernie moved from his parking spot fast.

A number of suggestions as to what was making the noise were submitted. I said that it was made by a bat, someone else said a cricket, but Ernie still stuck to his idea it was a snake. We resumed the process of picture taking when the noise started again. Again no one moved and everything went silent except for that sound. It wasn't long before the boys gave up searching for our intruder and the flashlights again went out so that pictures could be taken.

I, being a curious individual, kept my light on the spot where the noise came from. It wasn't long before I found out what was making all the racket. As my beam was set on the obvious spot where our noisy friend was, he

flew out of his hiding place, through my beam and into another hole in the ceiling. I immediately announced my discovery to be a bat that evidently objected to our intrusion on his hibernation. We again breathed easily and then resumed taking pictures in spite of the noisy protests from our winged friend.

In one room we found a bat on a ceiling, so low that we could have pulled him off. Instead we wiggled our flashlights in his face and I blew on him a bit and he immediately woke up and showed us his anger by showing his teeth. So, not wanting to tangle with such a monster, we let him finish his nap.

After our picture-taking expedition was over, we followed the trail back to the first cave. We packed up our gear and made our way back to the cars. During the afternoon Tom Hamilton caught himself a mole while I got myself a fieldmouse. After all members of the crew had had a good look at our captives, we set them free with no harm done except for a few years of life lost through fright. We packed our gear away and changed into some dry clothes and then made a final check of things. Finally we got underway about five o'clock.

We had traveled for about two hours and were just about into New Hampshire when we stopped at the diner just before crossing the bridge that took us home. Our first hot meal for the day was coming up. The way that crew felt was inexplicable. Being tired and hungry, as usual, I didn't care what happened. As soon as I got inside that diner I ordered a bowl of soup for a starter and what was in the soup I don't know, but when I finished I felt 100% better. I told John Glennie, who was sitting beside me, that I could have licked my weight in bob-cats.

After the boys and I finished the rest of our supper, we resumed our homeward journey.

Nothing much happened on the way back except that at around 10:30 everybody let out the loudest yell I ever heard. Why? We were in Massachusetts, that's why, and home again. At 6 bells first night watch the boys let me off in front of my house and I hauled my gear out of the car, said goodbye and walked up the driveway into the house. It was raining when I got out of the car, and it certainly felt good to be home at last. I got into bed shortly after and said, "Boy! I sure hope we go again some time," and fell into a deep slumber. Gluttons for punishment, aren't we?

Herbert Ackroyd, '53

I AM A RAINDROP

Hello, there. Yes, I am a raindrop—a pure unadulterated raindrop composed of water and absolutely nothing else. I carry no concealed weapons nor am I armed with poison or any other dangerous substance. I'm just plain, ordinary H₂O.

Yet you hate me! There's no other word for it but hate. Every time you see me coming, you run away, saying nasty things under your breath. Am I really that bad?

It's true I've been around a little more than usual this spring, but can I help it if I like to see the world? Is that a crime? I don't think so.

Now you think for a minute. If I didn't show my face at all you would have a water shortage. That would mean no water for your gardens and lawns. Imagine your dismay at having the town officials say you could drink only one cup of water a day. All the factories and mills would have to close down, too.

As present conditions stand, you

have the greenest of lawns and flowers are blooming everywhere. You have enough water for all your needs and plenty more. You didn't have a flood, did you.

Think it over. I've presented my case. Now it's up to you to decide. Do you want me or not? As you're thinking this over, I'll leave for a little while. I have an appointment in Boston now. I'm going in to see the Red Sox game. I'm quite a fan, you know. But don't worry—I'll be back soon. Good-bye now.

Martha Cavallaro, '54

ONE OF A KIND

He is handsome in an elegant sort of way. In fact, he is the type that one looks at twice, thrice, and even more often without tiring.

Other than looks, he has more outstanding qualities. Consideration for others is among his virtues. True, he is eager for companionship, but being sensitive, he never forces his presence on anyone.

If I should pay a tribute to him, I would say that I'd really like to have his disposition: quiet, soft, unassuming, sensitive to every mood, longing for affection yet patient in receiving it. If he doesn't receive it, he goes off to mourn alone, and in return asks only for what one will give him freely, thus, a perfect example of putting self in the background.

This perhaps would not be too unusual in one who is trained in those traits, but to be born with them, and to live in this world with them unmarred, makes them more appreciable. This person (yes, person) was born with them, for you see he is Mickey, our Boston Terrier.

Nancy Wainwright, '56

THREE WISHES

It was early in the morning and I lay tossing in bed. I was neither

asleep or awake but in an in-between state. My spirit seemed to be trying to free itself from its earthly prison.

Then there came a brilliant light and I felt as if I were soaring through the air, weightless and free. I seemed to be traveling through empty space, when I saw a white, shiny, spongy, object resembling a cloud. I came to rest upon it and found it to be very soft and filmy.

As I rested there enjoying quietness and freedom of spirit, I heard a commanding yet gentle voice speak to me, "Rise up o' Mortal and hear my bidding. You have been chosen to receive a gift no other Mortal has ever known. Your next three wishes shall be answered at your command. Think wisely, Mortal, and beware of the power you now have. Return to your earthly image and remember my warning."

When the voice ceased, I once again felt the sensation of floating through space. My peacefulness was rudely interrupted by a shrill ring and I found myself back in bed trying to shut off the alarm.

I accomplished this feat and lay back to contemplate. Was it only a dream or did this thing really happen to me?

My thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the plaintive voice of my mother telling me to hurry because my eggs were getting cold.

I jumped out of bed and made a dash for the bathroom, arriving there just in time to see my brother disappear through the door and hear the sound of the bolt snap into place. "Ha, ha, beat you again," my brother, Bill, hollered at me.

"Ah, I wish you'd drop dead," was my retort.

Minutes passed and I heard no sounds of movement in the bathroom. I told him to hurry up and still I didn't hear anything. I be-

came inquisitive and bent over to look through the keyhole. There he was on the floor, not making a move.

I jumped up and threw my weight against the door. I heard the gnashing of wood as the lock separated from the door. My mother screamed, Dad came running, but all I could see was the dead body of my brother.

As they carried his lifeless body through the door, my mother watched, gently sobbing. My head ached and I had a guilty feeling but I didn't exactly know why. Maybe it was because of what I had said to him just before he died. Then I decided it wasn't even probable that I could have wished him dead, so I dismissed it from my mind.

It was a week later when I once again thought of my dream, if that's what it was. Again I thought of what I had said to Bill before he died and this time it didn't seem so improbable. Maybe I did have the strange power of three wishes.

Then it came to me like a flash. If I could wish him dead then why couldn't I use my second wish to bring him back to life? I decided it was at least worth a try.

I went to my room and locked the door behind me. Closing my eyes, I wished that my brother would come back. When I opened my eyes, nothing had changed and I guess I hadn't really expected it to. It was just one of man's foolish trys at trying to beat death.

The rest of the day I spent moping around the house. At seven, my folks went out and left me to enjoy a book I was reading.

Time elapsed and I heard the clock strike nine almost at the same instant that there was a knock at the door. I was annoyed that my solitude had been broken, so I grudgingly walked to the door and opened it.

What I saw made my stomach turn. I slammed the door and ran up the stairs to my room. Locking the door, I fell shaking onto my bed!

What sort of madness was this? I had wished for my brother to come back and there he was downstairs. His face had started to decompose and his fingers were nothing but white slivers of bones that had been broken while digging his way out. Yes, my wish had been answered.

My mind reeled and I had no idea of what to do. I wished to heaven that all that had happened was just a dream.

The next thing I knew, I found myself in bed reaching for the alarm and hearing my mother's plaintive call. Slowly I rose from bed and walked to the bathroom. I got there just in time to hear my brother yell, "Ha, ha, beat you again."

Now, dear reader, I leave you with a question—"Was it a dream?" Charles Harbolt, '53

MEETING FOR MURDER

A One-Act Play

Time—The present day in late winter.

Scene—The interior of a large mansion on the outskirts of a small New England town.

(As the curtain opens there is no light on the stage. The setting is a large, high-ceilinged room. All the furniture is covered with sheets and there is a fireplace at the back center.)

THE CHARACTERS

(in order of appearance)

Marge Halloran—A bright, pretty, small town reporter, inclined to be a little flighty.

Jack Peters—A typical newspaper photographer who worships Marge and wonders why.

Gilbert Olmstead—Handsome, debonair, a standard type man-about-town.

Katherine Olmstead — Gilbert's spinster aunt.

Detective Mullaney — A weary, hard-boiled homicide man.

Aaron Stevenson—A meek, emotional lawyer.

Four Policemen.

(As the curtain opens there is a pause and then two people enter left. The first is a young, pretty girl of medium height, about twenty-three. She wears a full duster coat over a tailored suit and carries a large, over-the-shoulder bag. With her is a young man, rather thin, with a bony, sharp, but kind face. He wears the standard raincoat and carries a large camera case over his shoulder.)

Jack—Marge, I don't think we should have walked right in. We could have waited on the porch. After all——

Marge—Well, the door was unlocked, and never let it be said that Marge Halloran didn't take advantage of an unlocked door! Besides, it was dark out there, though it isn't much better in here. See if you can find a light switch, Jack, will you?

(Jack lights a match and proceeds around room until he discovers a switch near right door. Flicks it on.)

Jack—There! What time did Gil say he'd meet us, anyway?

Marge—He said he'd be here at eight sharp. We're a little late. It's (consults watch) quarter past now. Wonder where he is?

Jack—Knowing Gil, I can give you plenty of reasons: blonds, brunettes *and* redheads. I can't figure out why he ever decided to move away out here in the sticks.

Marge—I'll let you in on something, Jack. Gil Olmstead isn't as rich as he makes everyone think. When he inherited this old house,

decrepit and out-of-the-way as it is, it saved him from almost certain bankruptcy. He said he was planning to sell his apartment to pay for all the bills he'd run up and move in here. His cousin's getting him a job in some advertising firm. Not much, but it's better than when he ran around wild and spent all his money. This house came just in time! It isn't much, though, is it?

Jack — Bankrupt or not I wouldn't move in *here*! You'd think he'd sell the place and get something in town.

Marge—You know Gil, Jack. He never passes by an adventure and it certainly looks like this will be one! From all the reports, this place hasn't been lived in for at least twenty years. Why, I even heard that it is haunted! And——

Jack—O. K., O. K., you can stop right there. We came to get a story on the fascinating playboy Gilbert Olmstead and his latest escapade, and that's all we're going to do!

Marge—I know, Jack, but since Gil isn't here yet, we can explore the place a little. Come on, I'm dying to see if the house is really haunted. Oh, come on.

Jack—Well, I'll go, but only because I don't want you wandering around alone. (Hurriedly) I'm only a photographer; I wouldn't want to lose my reporter. I'd have to write it up myself then! (As he speaks she has left room, and when he's finished she cries)

Marge—Jack! Jack! (He rushes out right away and they are heard off stage exclaiming.)

Jack—Wow! Come on, Marge, this is no sight for you.

Marge—Who is it? It isn't Gil, is it?

Jack—No, but whoever it is, he's been shot but good, right between the eyes. Come on out of here, I'll call the police.

(They re-enter the room, he with

his arm around her, consoling her, she a little dazed.)

Jack—(Picks up phone.) Give me police headquarters, please, and quickly Hello, homicide, please Hi, there, Mullaney, you'd better come right over. I've got a customer Oh, yeah, it's the big Olmstead place out on the river road, near Grandview . . . O. K. 'Bye.

(He goes over to console Marge and there is a pause. Then Gil Olmstead enters, carrying a suitcase.)

Gil—Hi, kids! Thought the door was locked. How do you like the place? Gorgeous, huh? (He is setting bags down and taking off coat.) Never saw the house inside before. (He walks around and looks place over.) I was coming up before now but I was so busy in town, little odds and ends to clear up, I didn't have the chance. I—Say, what's the matter with you two?

Marge—Oh, Gil, something awful has happened! There's a *man* in there! *Dead*!

Gil—Oh, don't be silly, Marge, you're seeing things. Why, this place hasn't been lived in for years.

Jack—I'm afraid she's right! Olmstead. I've checked and he's as dead as a guy can get. Come here and see if you can identify him. (He and Gil go into other room.)

Gil—Why, I can't believe it! That's my uncle! Jim Olmstead! (They re-enter.))Who would do a thing like that?

Jack—What I'd like to know is what was he doing here, if the place hasn't been opened in twenty years? Or did you ask him to meet you here, too?

Gil—No, no, I didn't. But he knew about my moving in today. I called up a few relatives to tell them of my change of address.

Marge—They all knew that you had inherited the house the day

they heard the will read, anyway.

Jack—Tell me, Gil, did any of the other relatives inherit any part of your father's estate?

Gil—Yes, they all received a share, including Uncle Jim, but naturally, as my father's only son, I received most of the fortune and all of the property.

Marge—Naturally. But did your uncle ever show any bitterness about that? After all, he was your father's only brother.

Gil—Yes, he did, but for that matter, they all did. A bunch of greedy souls, every last one of them, from Aunt Kate to Henry—

Katherine — (Entering) Did someone mention my name? (She is a tall, gaunt woman, in her late forties. She is standing in the doorway to the rest of the house. Everyone remains still, as if transfixed.) Please don't look as if you've seen a ghost. Really, I'm quite alive, although it looks as if Jim isn't. Gilbert, who are these people and what are they doing here, and why haven't you called the police about your poor uncle?

Gil — Aunt Kate, these are friends of mine, Marge Halloran and Jack Peters. Kids, this is my aunt, Kate Olmstead. (Turning to aunt.) What are you doing here?

Katherine—I received an invitation from your uncle to meet him here tonight. When I arrived, I found him here, dead, in that room.

Marge—What time did you come, Miss Olmstead?

Katherine—A little before eight. Does that matter? I'm quite certain I didn't kill him. I can't even lift a gun, never mind shoot a man between the eyes.

Marge—What? How did you know he was shot—and between the eyes?

Katherine — My dear young lady, the gun was lying right beside him and there is unmistakably a bullet hole directly between his

eyes. Anyone with sight and a little sense could decipher *that* much.

Jack—Nevertheless, Miss Olmstead, your presence at this time puts you under suspicion. I'm sure you won't mind remaining here until the police arrive.

Katherine—Certainly not!

Jack—Meanwhile, I'm going to take some pictures! This turned out to be quite an interview, Gil! (Goes into other room.)

Marge—(Turning to K. Olmstead.) Miss Olmstead, just what did you inherit from your brother's estate?

Katherine—I don't see why it's any business of yours, but I'll tell you, anyway, to satisfy your (scornfully) curiosity. I received \$2,000 and 12 shares in Golden Oak Milk Company. That is all.

(Knock at door. Marge opens it and the detective and four policemen enter. The detective is Detective Mullaney, a short, stout man with glasses and smoking a cigar. He is dressed in street clothes.)

Mullaney—O. K., O. K., nobody leave the house. Where's the body? Stay calm everybody. This'll be cleared up in no time. Meanwhile, I want all of you to remember that you're *all* under suspicion. So, stay put! (He, three policemen and Miss Olmstead go into other room. Fourth policeman stays with others.)

Marge—Well! Mullaney is a typical cop—treats everyone like two-year-olds. Gil, I can't figure things out. Why in heaven's name was your uncle killed?

Gil—It is hard to believe that anyone would want to kill him, Marge. But there must have been a reason. You know, there's a lot of hatred among the members of my family. And, although I hate to admit this, Aunt Kate and Uncle Jim haven't been getting along well at all lately. Seems he

received a little better deal from Father's will than she did. Of course, she always knew that Father favored his brother more than her. He was never one to be tactful. Much as I hate to say it, Marge, Aunt Kate certainly had at least three definite motives for killing Uncle Jim: hatred, jealousy, and revenge.

Marge—It certainly sounds like it. Maybe the police can uncover something. Of course any one of your relatives could have done it.

Gil—I know, but most of them are dead. The only ones left now are a few cousins in Canada—Quebec, to be exact—, Henry Blakely, a brother of my uncle's wife, living in Palm Springs, and Aunt Kate—and myself, of course. The others are too far away. They couldn't even make it to the funeral and the reading of the will.

(Police enter from right.)

Mullaney—All right, Joe, have the entire place covered for fingerprints and any other clues you can find. Now, (turning to others) will everyone please have a seat? I have a few questions to ask. If you will be patient we can get this over with in a little while. (Everyone sits down.) O.K., Marge, spill it. What are you and "Crime Photographer" doing here?

Jack—Thanks, pal, your flattery is almost bowling me over. Well, we were coming here to——

Mullaney—Who asked you? Come on, you two, I haven't got all night.

Gil—I can explain, officer. I asked Miss Halloran and Mr. Peters to drop down here tonight to interview me upon my arrival. Their paper has been pestering me for copy so I decided to get it over with. They are the ones who discovered Uncle Jim's body.

Mullaney—Oh, you are? I suppose you cleaned it of papers, money, and everything else you could lay your hands on!

Jack—Listen, Mullaney, we've been in this business long enough to know that you are not supposed to touch a corpse until the police—God bless them—(scornfully) arrive!

Marge—Of course! We didn't go near the body! At least, I didn't! (Fearfully.)

Mullaney—All right, all right. (Policeman 1 enters right.)

Policeman 1—Tim, we called up the lawyer, Stevenson, like you said to and his secretary said he was on his way over. It seems he got a call from Jim Olmstead asking him to be here tonight to witness something very important. His secretary said he is late because he heard of someone's new will being drawn up and had to do some legal business on it, before he came here. He'll be here any minute now.

Marge—Then he was telephoned, too!

Mullaney—What are you talking about?

Jack—It seems that Miss Olmstead also received a call from Jim to be in this house tonight.

Marge—And speaking of Miss Olmstead, where did she disappear to?

(There is a tense pause and then Gil speaks.)

Gil—I'll go find her. She probably skipped!

Mullaney—(stopping Gil) We will all stay here. Joe and Dan will look for her. Boys, cover the entire house and grounds and——

(Knock at door and one policeman opens it. A man of about fifty stands there, carrying a brief case. He is thin, small and wears glasses. He is the lawyer, Stevenson.)

Stevenson — Police! My word, what has happened?

Mullaney—Just come on in, Mr. Stevenson, and everything will be explained. Have a seat. (Stevenson enters and sits cau-

tiously down on edge of seat with briefcase in lap.) It seems a good friend of yours, Jim Olmstead, has been murdered.

Stevenson — What! My word, how awful! Oh, but that makes everything even worse, if that is possible!

Marge—What do you mean, Mr. Stevenson?

Stevenson — I just discovered something very dreadful. My partner, John Ramsey, who was vacationing in Florida, died yesterday from a sudden heart attack—God rest his soul—(sniffs and puts his handkerchief to his nose). While going through his papers today in Florida, they discovered a copy of a will drawn up by Harvey Olmstead. I have taken care of all the late Mr. Olmstead's legal matters but, evidently, I was out of town that day and John drew it up for me. But he forgot to tell me of it before he left for Florida and I went ahead and read the other will! Oh, it was terrible,——

Marge—You mean there was a second will?

Stevenson—Yes, drawn up just two days after the other. Mr. Olmstead died soon after, and——

Mullaney—Wait a minute, let's get this straight. Give me the dates of those wills.

Stevenson—Very well. (Draws out paper from brief case.) The first one, which I read, was drawn up January 26, 1953. Mr. Olmstead died January 30, 1953, and the will was read the 3rd of February, 1953. However, as the date on the second will indicates, it was legally transacted by my partner and signed by Mr. Olmstead, January 28, 1953.

Mullaney—Well, that throws a different light on the situation. I—— (Police enter, preceded by Miss Olmstead.) Well, look who's back from her trip!

Katherine—I'm very sorry to have upset you, Mr. Mullaney,

but on a sudden recollection I decided a few minutes ago to venture upstairs to investigate something. When I was up there before, looking for Jim, I had noticed, but then disregarded, what looked to be an old rag thrown carelessly in the corner of the hall. I remembered it a few minutes ago and found it to be this— (Draws from behind her a hanky. Mullaney takes it and examines it.)

Mullaney—Only a man who had just killed someone and become panicky could have been so careless as to throw away his own bloody hanky in a place where he was supposed to have never gone before, with his initials, G. O. plainly printed in the corner. (Everyone turns to stare at Gil who tries to appear disdainful, innocent, surprised and outraged at the same time. The two policemen slowly move nearer him to prevent him from trying to escape.) Read the will, please, Mr. Stevenson.

Stevenson—(Clears throat and begins to read from paper.) Ah, well, it begins, "January 28, 1953. I, Harvey William Olmstead, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath my entire estate in the following manner: To my brother James and my sister Katherine, I leave the sum of \$400,000 which is exactly half of the entirety of my estate and property, to be divided equally between them; to my brother-in-law, Henry Blakeley, and my two cousins, Hermain and Angela Rhinehart, the sum of \$2,000 apiece. The rest of the estate, numerically, \$394,800, shall be equally divided among the local beneficial and bonafide charities of my home town, Breakridge, Massachusetts. All land and real estate shall also be given to the above town of Breakridge. I further attest that I am under no influence or pressure in composing this document, being in my right

mind throughout its completion. Signed, Harvey William Olmstead. Witnessed by James C. Harper, Oliver Townsend, and Margaret Mary O'Brien. January 28, 1953."

((There is a pause.))

Mullaney—Boys, you know what to do. Come on, Olmstead, I'm taking you down to headquarters.

Gil—Now, just a moment! You have no right to——

Mullaney—You're not talking your way out of this one. Get going.

Marge—Oh, now I see! Mr. Olmstead didn't like the way Gil was throwing his money around and he finally decided to change his will! Somehow, his brother Jim found out about it and decided to be dramatic and have everyone here when Gil arrived, announce it and get even with Gil!

Jack—Yeah, and when Gil arrived ahead of all the others, Jim couldn't wait and burst out with it! Gil didn't want the will discovered because it would mean that he wouldn't get *anything*, and, in a fit of rage, he pulled out his gun and bing! right between the eyes. He got panicky, ran upstairs when he heard us coming, carelessly threw away the hanky he had been wiping the blood off with and——

Marge—Then he ran out the back way, waited awhile and then, calm as you please, walked in again! Oh! (She turns, horrified, to stare at Gil who avoids her look sullenly.)

Mullaney—Couple of brainy kids, that's all. I don't know what we would have done without you. O. K., come along, Olmstead. You had better come, too, Miss Olmstead, as a witness. You too, Stevenson. (They leave, two policemen carrying body on litter. Mullaney comes back in.)

Mullaney—How come you kids

are always pretty handy when there's a murder? Seems fishy!

Marge—(Laughing shakily.) Oh, we're just lucky, I guess.

Jack—Pure luck, and of course, a little brain matter.

Mullaney—Huh! Luck, my eye! (Muttering to himself as he leaves) Day they have brain matter, I'll swim the English Channel!

(Jack and Marge are laughing at him.)

Marge—Say! It just dawned on me! We've got the best scoop in town and we're just standing here! Come on! Where is a telephone? Boy, if this doesn't put me in good with the boss, I don't know what will! Well, come on, silly! What are you waiting for?

Jack—Don't you ever rest? Do you mind if I recuperate? I've just been through the craziest, maddest half-hour of my life! (He flops in chair but soon is pulled laughing out of it by Marge.) I guess that is what my life is going to be like, with *you*! (They exit right and can be heard talking on phone excitedly.)

Curtain.

Sandra Vose, '53

THE BIG ONE

He noticed that something was wrong as soon as he saw the pool. Not a splash of a rising fish disturbed its surface. Yet he knew that within its quiet depths there was a fish bigger than he had ever caught or seen.

As he watched, the quiet surface was broken by the splash of a big fish. His hands trembled as he tied a fly to his fine leader. He stumbled down the bank and waded out into the pool.

His first cast was poor; the second, a little better. As he was getting ready for his next cast, the great fish rose again. Again the angler worked out line, and his line and fly landed a few feet

above where the fish had risen last. The tiny buoyant wet fly floated over the spot and then, as if by magic, disappeared from the angler's view. Quickly he struck the barb home into the trout's jaws.

Now I'm not going to go into a lot of detail and description about the battle that ensued. And another thing, the runs of this fish did not make the reel scream and they didn't burn the angler's thumb. No, the trout simply took the fly and turned, moving away, despite the pressure of the rod, toward the depths of the pool in as leisurely a manner as if he had just picked a natural insect off the surface. The angler fought the fish with all the skill and experience at his command and the fish, in turn, fought back with all the cunning and strength that made him legendary.

After one hour and thirty-five minutes, the huge fish began to tire and, little by little, the angler led him towards shore. He made one last run before giving up. Closer and closer the fisherman led him towards the sandy beach. He reached out, caught a gill, and dragged the fish up on land. When that huge trout, a brown one, was later weighed, he tipped the scales at thirteen pounds and eight ounces and was $37\frac{1}{2}$ inches long.

Now, you may ask, why didn't the angler release the fish after he caught it? The answer to this question was found when the fish's stomach was opened, for it contained twelve small trout ranging from five to eight inches in length. In other words, this trout, because of his huge size had turned cannibalistic and destroyed more trout in a few days than some fishermen caught all year.

Philip Coates, '54

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT

My aunt, who had always lived in a large city in the Bay State,

had moved to the state of New York, and in a recent letter had extended me an invitation to spend my school vacation with her. With my parents' approval I started packing my suitcase, visualizing some happy and exciting days. On my return I would have so many breath-taking experiences to narrate to my girl friends.

I was in possession of a strapless gown, one I had purchased recently for use as a bridesmaid, and I was debating whether to take it along or not. It took up so much space! Yes! I would burden myself with an additional suitcase! It would be worth the while. Of course I would go dancing some evening in some luxurious ballroom and the gown would be very essential. All teen-agers in New York wore gowns on such occasions!

On the train I gave little thought to the fact that my destination was Canaan. When I consulted my map at home, it was only a stone's throw from Albany. My first disappointment came from the conductor when he informed me that the train did not stop in Canaan. He instructed me to get off in a fairly large city in the western part of our state, and then make connections by bus or taxi to the town I sought. After more information from other sources, I found myself in a taxi—the only means of transportation to the town I wanted. Another disheartening phase of my trip was the five dollar fare I had to pay the cabbie.

The final straw came when I glanced up at the house. Why, it was a farmhouse; surrounded by acres and acres of woodland—and not another house in sight.

My aunt was as hospitable as she could be, but to be marooned in this tiny village, twelve miles from the nearest city, was unbearable. To add to my dismay, my

aunt and uncle had so many farm chores to perform that there was no spare time to take me out.

My blue jeans were the only practical piece of clothes I had to wear out of all the nice things I had in my two suitcases.

I was in a much pleasanter frame of mind when I was aboard the train from Boston and eventually home, but somehow I could not conceal my disappointment when my friends gathered around to hear of my experience.

Barbara Paradis, '54

THREE LITTLE FROGS

"Now, Humphrey, I ain't in no mood for fighting today. You is gonna go down to the swamp and catch three frogs for dinner. I ain't been to school, but I'll be darned if I ain't smart at making new recipes. Now, scat afore your Pa gets home."

That's how it went. It seemed Ma had remembered a superb frog dish she had had as a child and was dying to try it for herself. Humphrey, being the boy of the family, was selected to go and catch the frogs. He didn't like this at all, for the boys that lived around the swamp kept the frogs as pets.

Slowly, a sad, freckle-faced boy made his way to the swamp, his red hair hanging over one eye. Every now and then he pulled up his loose, baggy pants.

When he reached the swamp, his large blue eyes gazed around. He must not be caught now.

He took off his straw hat and stood in the weeds. Fishing in his pocket, he drew out a small bottle of flies.

"This oughta bring 'em out," he muttered as the frogs came out of the water.

He stretched out his lanky arm and shoved three frogs in a bag. Just then he heard the shouts of



BEFORE

PROM NITE



✿ AFTER ✿

boys coming towards him. Three tall, tough-looking boys were tramping in his direction. Making themselves comfortable, they sat under a huge tree.

It seemed like hours as Humphrey waited. Maybe he could make a run for it. No, it was too risky.

Ma had got impatient and sent his sister Ann after him. "Yo-ho, Humphrey, do you hear me? I do declare, Humphrey, come home right away. I'll tell Ma on you if you don't show yourself. No need of hiding on me."

"Who's that?" sneered one of the tough boys. "Probably one of them Perkins."

"Let's pull her hair," suggested one.

"Oh, oh, now she's done it," said Humphrey.

He jumped out of the weeds and yelled, "Don't you dare rough her. I'll beat you up with one finger."

"Oh yeah, try it," said one.

Ann stood by watching, as they all pounded on her brother. She took off her shoe and started hitting them on the head.

What a fight it was! First Humphrey was up and then he was down. Finally the boys gave up. In a fast run they scurried away.

"Boy, you gave it to them," said Ann proudly to Humphrey.

Tattered and torn, with two black eyes, Humphrey marched home. Victory was his and the frogs were Ma's.

Rosemary Wilkinson, '56



TALK OF THE SCHOOL

Further News of the Concert:

The high school chorus progressed rapidly in the production of "The Pirates of Penzance," the Gilbert and Sullivan opera presented at the spring concert, May 8. The soloists worked diligently toward the success of this event. They were: Dorothy Hoessler; portraying the part of Mabel. Irene Lomazzo as Edith; Dorothy Weingart, as Ruth and Kate; Ernest Harvey, in the role of the Major-General; James Farrell as Samuel; and Robert Lefebvre as the Police Sergeant.

A selected chorus from grades seven and eight, plus the school band were featured in this program. All groups were conducted

by Mr. Mosher. We are all grateful to Mr. Hayes and the high school faculty for their wholehearted co-operation in this undertaking.

Congratulations to David Long and Philip Arsenault! These two members of the Freshman class won a three-year scholarship to Brooks School. Every year many boys compete for this wonderful opportunity, given on the basis of scholarship and aptitude. Not only is it a feather in one's cap, but a great responsibility as well. We know David and Philip will do their job to the best of their ability, as others have done before them.

D. W.



RECORD

FRESHMAN CLASS NEWS

As the school year nears an end, the Freshman Class is bent over its books with thoughts of marks, points, and next year's subjects giving the students the desire to work harder.

After eight months of study, study, and more study, it will not be long before the Freshmen will receive their reward, those very important points. Won't it be nice to come back as sophomores! P.L.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NEWS

Hasn't this year gone fast? Soon we will be not merely "wise fools" (sophomores) but upperclassmen.

We want to congratulate the girls who were elected to the National Honor Society from our class—Ann Doyle, Dorothy Weingart, Helen Mooradkanian, Helen Marie McCarthy, and Margaret Macklin. It's really quite an honor to get in as a sophomore. Good work, girls!

We also want to thank our class officers for their fine work. They are: Larry Corcoran, Maureen Smith, and Barbara Driscoll. Thanks for helping make this year such a successful one. M.M.

JUNIOR CLASS NEWS

The end of another school year has crept up on us and summer will be the stepping stone that will lead our class into its senior year. We have recently had a class meeting when Loring Studio was elected as our class photographer for next year.

Another meeting told us about

the serious condition of our treasury. We were urged to sell more play tickets to boost the amount already in. Since that meeting, twice as many tickets were sold as before and our financial state is now much better. Also at the same meeting, other ways of earning money were discussed but could not be put into effect because of lack of time and the many projects that were going on. It was agreed, however, that next year, as Seniors, we would have to work hard to boost our treasury.

J.L.

SENIOR CLASS NEWS

At the Senior Class meeting Robert Lewis was designated to appoint a committee for both the class picnic and banquet.

He appointed the following committee for the banquet: Jane Lewis, Fred Clark, Alice Dolan, and Dom Mangano.

He appointed the following committee for the picnic: Gerry Drummey, Nancy Lawlor, Sandra Vose, Charles Harbolt, John Boyle and Robert Lewis.

The Senior Class nominated John Boyle, Robert Lewis and David Wallwork as potential receivers of the Good Citizenship award awarded by the Sons of the American Revolution. As of now, the teachers have not yet confirmed the election of one of these boys.

N.A.L.

May first, the Senior Class held a dance to defray the expenses of the caps and gowns for each student. All seniors who attended the

dance only have to pay 50 cents toward the caps and gowns. The regular price for caps and gowns is \$2.50. The girls' gowns will be white; their caps will be white with navy blue tassel. The boys' gowns will be navy blue, and their hats will be navy with a light blue tassel.

J.G.

NEW HONOR SOCIETY MEMBERS

New members were admitted to the National Honor Society on March 25.

Seniors: Leonard Coppeta, Charles Harbolt, Jean Ingram, Clair Markey.

Juniors: Nancy Burke, Susan Hearty, Barbara Paradis.

Sophomores, Ann Doyle, Margaret Macklin, Helen Marie McCarthy, Helen Mooradkanian, and Dorothy Weingart. H.M.McC.

SCHOOL PLAY SUCCESSFUL

Through the efforts of the ticket committee for the annual school play, the results on the sale of tickets were exceedingly satisfactory. There was keen competition between classes in order to come out on top, but the Seniors emerged the victors. Fifty per cent of the total amount turned in will go to the respective class treasuries and, if the play expenses are not too high, an increase in the percentage will be made.

The amounts given to the classes are as follows: Seniors \$79.96, Juniors \$41.76, Sophomores \$30.60 and Freshmen \$29.52.

Ticket Committee—1953

Seniors: D. Mangano, A. Dolan, G. Drummey, A. Cronin.

Juniors: D. Slipp, M. Love, M. Rose, J. Finn, K. Driscoll.

Sophomores: T. Hamilton, L. Corcoran, I. Mammino, D. Hoessler, M. Smith, D. Weingart, P. Dineen, W. Salemme.

Freshmen: P. Legare, L. Oates, N. Wainwright, F. Broderick, P. Arsenault. G.M.D.

SENIOR TRIP

On April 6, 1953, the Seniors went to the State House in Boston. They were chaperoned by Mrs. Bateman and Mrs. Harbolt. They spent the day exploring the state government's capitol. In the afternoon, they watched a session of the House of Representatives, went through the Treasury, Governor's office, Governor's Council room and met some of the local representatives. G.D.

NETHERLANDS CHILDREN'S RELIEF

A collection for the children of the flooded Netherlands was authorized to be taken up in March. The students of the school were generous in their response, with the home room representatives collecting. G.D.

ELECTIVE BLANKS

The Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors have been busy filling out elective blanks as the close of another school year rushes forward. They have selected the subjects which they wish to take next year, after consultation with their advisors. G.D.

ARMED FORCES SPEAKER

Sergeant Alice Dube of the U. S. Women's Army Corps came to speak to the girls of Johnson High on March 23, 1953, during the club period. She told us of the opportunities for girls of our age in the Armed Services upon completion of high school. She proved herself to be a very capable and interesting speaker and also showed an entertaining movie.

G.D.

PROM ORCHESTRA

The Prom Committee met early in April in order to select the orchestra for the Prom which is being held at the Crystal Ballroom on June 5, 1953. The committee voted, by a unanimous decision, to engage Herbie Wayne to provide the music. G.D.

TRIP TO BANK

Through the courtesy of the First National Bank of Boston the members of the Senior Type Class and of the Office Practice Class had the opportunity to visit their bank on April 21, 1953. The group learned the various ways and types of banking procedures. A delicious meal was served in the bank cafeteria. Miss Neal, Miss Torpey, and Miss Gillen chaperoned the group. G.D.

McINTOSH SPEAKING CONTEST

On April 9, 1953, the annual McIntosh Speaking Contest was held at the Thomson School auditorium.

The first prize of \$25 was awarded to Nancy Burke, a member of the Class of 1954; the second prize of \$15 was won by Anne Walker, a member of the Class of 1953; the third prize of \$10 was awarded to Rosemary Burke, a member of the Class of 1955.

Both serious and humorous selections were recited. N.A.L.

SCHOLARSHIPS

The following is a partial list of the scholarships for which the seniors at Johnson are eligible:

The Lawrence College Club is awarding a \$200 scholarship to an outstanding girl in the senior class

of a greater Lawrence high school.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Veterans of Foreign Wars Post No. 2104 is awarding a \$100 scholarship to a member of the senior class who has studied business subjects for two years and is planning to continue his education in the field of business.

The North Andover Woman's Club is awarding a \$150 scholarship to a member of the senior class.

A \$100 scholarship is being awarded by the North Andover Parent-Teachers Association.

A \$250 scholarship, in memory of Dr. Holt, is being awarded by the North Andover Board of Trade to a deserving senior who plans to study for the medical or allied professions. N.A.L.

GUIDANCE REPORT

Miss Gillen, our guidance director, would like freshmen and sophomores to inquire about the many different scholarships available every year to graduating students. Many scholarships are wasted each year merely because students are not aware of their existence.

The following seniors have already been accepted at schools and colleges:

Miss Claire Markey—Merrimack College

Charles Harbolt—University of Miami

Miss Anne Walker—Burdett College

Miss Marie Mastin—McIntosh Business School

Miss Nancy Lawlor—Bentley School of Accounting

Miss Sandra Vose—University of Massachusetts

Miss Shirley Scheipers—McIntosh Business School

Miss Claire Arsenault—Bridgeport University

Miss Jane Lewis—Katherin Labrae School

Miss Hilda Shea—Lawrence General

Miss Lois Milliken—Framingham Teachers' College

Many other seniors are yet awaiting news from schools to which they have applied.

Miss Joyce Haigh passed a civil service exam and has been offered a government job.

Miss Carole Smith will begin work at the local telephone company after her graduation in June.

James Farrell plans to enlist in the United States Navy.

Bruce Robinson plans to enlist in the Navy. M.L.

LATIN CLUB

Seven members of the Latin Club presented a short Latin play entitled "Little Red Riding-hood" to the remaining members of the club. The cast follows:

Red Riding-hood	Edith Bamford
Mother	Ann Bullock
Grandmother	Nancy Burke
Wolf	David Lane
Woodcutter	Gerald Smith
Narrator	Martha Cavallaro
Translator	Beverlee Thomson
	C.R.M.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The members of the Dramatic Club are very busy rehearsing for "Glamorizing Joanne" and "The Stuffed Shirt," one-act plays which they hope to present soon. The club also made plans to have an outing in Revere the 1st of June. N.B.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

At their last meeting on May 4th, the Commercial Club made

plans to visit the McIntosh Business School on May 18th.

The club has decided to go to the beach June 1st. N.B.

BLOCK PRINTING CLUB

Under the guidance of Mr. James Thomson, the Block Printing Club has made many varied and beautiful block prints. C.R.M.

CHEMISTRY AND PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

The members of the Chemistry and Photography Club have held several interesting contests recently. C.R.M.

BOOSTERS' CLUB

The Boosters' Club has had some very interesting discussions about athletes' scholarships they can receive and athletics. At present they are making plans for their last meeting. I.T.

GIRLS' SPORTS CLUB

For the last few months the girls of this club have been playing volleyball. Mrs. Bateman has been instructing them in this sport which everyone enjoys. F.G.B.

SEWING CLUB

The Sewing Club girls, instructed by Miss Buckley, have continued to make skirts, blouses, and dresses. Many of the girls have worn the finished articles to school. Some embroidering and knitting has also been done. F.G.B.

MODEL BUILDERS' CLUB

This club's boys have all been making very interesting models. Mr. Vincent has been the instructor. F.G.B.



SPORTS

GIRLS' SPORTS

This spring the various gym classes have been playing volley ball. A group of underclassmen formed a team and played Punchard. The Punchard aggression, who were more experienced and veterans at the game, proved themselves quite skillful and beat our novice team in three games.

A return game has been planned and, with the aid of upper classmen, we hope to give them some stiff competition.

Edith Anne Bamford and
Roberta Bamford

BOYS' SPORTS

Johnson played host to Chelmsford for her opening game, and she was forced to accept a 20-0 shut-out. This was due to the spectacular pitching of Warren Bill, a junior southpaw of Chelmsford, who pitched a no-hit, no-run game on Grogan's windswept field.

Tewksbury was next on Johnson's agenda, and she also caused an upset in Johnson's wagon. The resulting damage was 6-5.

Johnson's next rival on the dust-covered diamond was Wilmington from whom she took the game with a one-run lead which she held until the end of the contest, when the score-board read 11-10.

In an exhibition game, a single

in the ninth with one away gave Brooks a 4-3 win over Johnson when the teams clashed Thursday, May 7th. Again one run was the deciding factor between victory and defeat.

The day was dark and so was the outcome when Methuen met as Johnson's host and defeated same. Almost three hours after the game between both teams began at Gill Avenue field, the home club of Methuen walked off victorious with the score of 21-7.

Johnson got away to a three-run lead in the first of the game, but the lead was short-lived when a three-run homer was belted in by a member of Methuen's nine.

Punchard followed suit in her meet with the J. H. S. nine for, scoring in the early innings, she defeated her black and red arch-rival in the game which had been transferred to Grogan's field from Andover. Although Johnson was leading early in the match, Punchard came up and held fast to her lead. However, in the final half of the ninth inning, the black and red put a scare into the Andover team as they once more seemed to be using all their unrestricted power, but this uprising fell short and the Johnson nine was forced to succumb to the 8-5 outcome.

Robert Kellan



EXCHANGES

Since this is the last time I will be writing the "Exchange Column"

for the *Journal*, I would like to thank all the schools which have

exchanged with us and those which have mentioned the *Johnson Journal* in their papers.

* * * * *

Borrowed:

The Aegis, Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

The Lovers

There she sat upon the wall
A lovely vision straight and tall.
Her large blue eyes shone like the
ocean,
Her little heart burst with devo-
tion.
Her friend was sitting by her side;
Their love for each other they
could not hide.
A natural picture for the world to
see—
Two amorous kittens, 'neath the
tall pine tree.

* * * * *

Swampscotta, Swampscott High School, Swampscott, Mass. From your "Daffynitions" column:

Chaperone: A woman who keeps young girls from doing what she did at their age.

* * * * *

The Tattler, Nashua High School, Nashua, N. H. I would like to compliment you on the make-up of your magazine. It really is outstanding.

* * * * *

Courier, Hyde Park High School, Hyde Park, Mass. Your magazine is one of the neatest appearing ones we have seen. Also, the little pen drawings are very cute.

* * * * *

The Cub, Ipswich High School, Ipswich, Mass. We received your April edition and are pleased to add your publication to our exchanges.

* * * * *

The Crimson, Bernards High School, Bernardsville, N. J. "Senior Profiles" is a cute idea. It adds a great deal to your paper.

Jane Lewis



HUMOR

She came running into the police station with a photo in her hand. "My boy friend has disappeared," she said, "Here is his picture. I want you to find him"

The sergeant looked at the photo. "Why?" he asked.

* * * * *

Professor: "Bertram, define puncture."

Bertie: "A puncture is a small hole found in an automobile tire at a great distance from a garage."

* * * * *

"I've heard your wife is a finished singer."

"Not yet, but the neighbors almost got her last night."

* * * * *

The teacher had to separate two little boys at recess.

"Billy," she said, "Why did you kick John in the stomach?"

"I couldn't help it. He turned around too quick."

* * * * *

Keeping a secret from some people is like trying to smuggle daylight past a rooster.

* * * * *

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